VOLUME LVI CHICAGO, DECEMBER 14, 1905. NUMBER 15

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

FREEDOM OF THE MIND.

High walls and huge the Body may confine,
And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways:
Yet scorns th' immortal Mind this base control!
No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose:
Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole,
And, in a flash, from earth to heaven it goes!
It leaps from mount to mount—from vale to vale
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers;
It visits home, to hear the fireside tale,
Or in sweet converse pass the joyous hours:
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And, in its watches, wearies every star!

—*William Lloyd Garrison.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVI. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1905. NUMBER 15

TO W. L. GARRISON.

In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
  Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned young man;
The place was dark, unfurnitured, and mean;
  Yet there the freedom of a race began.

Help came but slowly; surely no man yet
  Put lever to the heavy world with less;
What need of help? He knew how types were set,
  He had a dauntless spirit, and a press.

Such earnest natures are the fiery pith,
  The compact nucleus, round which systems grow;
Mass after mass becomes inspired therewith,
  And whirls impregnate with the central glow.

O Truth! O Freedom! how are ye still born
  In the rude stable, in the manger nurst!
What humble hands unbar those gates of morn
  Through which the splendors of the New Day burst!
* * * * * * * * * * *
Men of a thousand shifts and wiles, look here!
  See one straightforward conscience put in pawn
To win a world; see the obedient sphere
  By bravery's simple gravitation drawn!

Shall we not heed the lesson taught of old,
  And by the Present's lips repeated still,
In our own single manhood to be bold,
  Fortressed in conscience and impregnable will?
* * * * * * * * * * *
O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,
  Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain!
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,
  Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

New York has found a way of converting its garbage into light. Barrels, boxes, old sweepings, are transformed into radiance. This is a suggestion for the spiritual economist. Is it not the business of the church to convert the wastage into light and power?

We have gotten used to using feminine pronouns for "George Eliot" and "George Sand" and now we must learn to do the same for John Oliver Hobbs, for "he" is a "she" and "his" real name is Mrs. Craigie, the English woman who is now lecturing in the United States on Plato and kindred themes.

It is an alarming disclosure made by Professor Wilcox of Cornell University, who has been studying the last census table, that the women flock to the city in greater numbers than the men, so that the feminine proportion in the city outnumbers the masculine, while in the country the reverse is true. The cause for this is not far to seek. The so-called "women's employments" are necessarily more numerous in the city than in the country and still there is a lot of possible women's work remaining undone or poorly done in the country. The next century may develop the farmer woman, as the last century has the business woman. With the help of modern invention there are few farm tasks which woman is not physically capacitated to do with less strain of life than those to which she now willingly submits herself in the city.

It grows harder and harder to convene a heresy trial. Conservatism is driven to other resources. The bishops of the Methodist church refused to convict Dr .Mitchell of the Boston University School of Theology, of heresy because of his book "The World Before Abraham," but they refuse to confirm his renomination to the professor's chair. The Episcopal church found itself in a similar quandary with Dr. Crapsey of Rochester. The committee did not recommend him to trial, but did not hesitate to accuse him of surrendering to intellectual vagaries such as the spiritual interpretation of scripture.

A correspondent sends us this newspaper clipping from a St. Louis paper. Both the matter and the comment are suggestive:

N. O. Nelson, a philanthropist of this city, proposes to organize a syndicate to loan money to deserving salaried people and save them from money sharks.

If you could know the dreadful scourge this business is to the salaried employe who "gets behind" and never gets "caught up," you would appreciate the remarkable service Mr. Nelson is doing the wage earner. Once in the clutches of the money-lender the salaried man is bled until there is no longer any blood to flow and he succumbs from pure weakness.

"Four Good Things in Congregationalism" is the title of a young people's talk in a recent number of the *Congregationalist.* These things are Liberty, Intelligence, Fellowship and Efficiency. Surely these are cardinal virtues in the life of a church, and surely did Congregationalism in its fundamental contentions justify these claims. But some of the young people addressed by the good reverend must smile at the ingenuousness that says, "We may adopt the Thirty-nine Articles, the Westminster Confession, the Creed of 1883, the Apostles' Creed or a still shorter statement of faith and still be Congregationalists." Surely, but how about the liberty of the individual mind that is committed to these formidable conclusions to what are open questions to the free mind. As to fellowship, the writer confesses, "We have been weak but are mending our ways. * * * * Church extension societies, local advisory boards, etc., etc., are testifying to the determination of Congregationalists to join hands and hearts;—not that the strong should dictate to the weak, but that each church should serve the other and altogether make Congregationalism a

more potent force." But here again, why should fellowship be rimmed by even this benignment "ism." What about the brethren who worship across the road, who are after the same things and are wrestling with the same problems. The church must give to liberty, intelligence, fellowship and efficiency still wider meaning and deeper signficance before they can make efficient the claim.

The *Unionist* of Green Bay finds for us somewhere in the writings of W. J. Potter the following "Prayer of the Conservative," which is still the "Lord's Prayer" of the politician.

> Excuse us, O Lord, but this truth of thine comes altogether too soon for safety. Next year, or next century, the world may be ready for it. But now it is utterly impossible to get it established. To attempt to disseminate it will produce only vain agitation and bitterness. Pray, take it back to thyself again. Keep it hidden till a more auspicious season, and leave us for the present harmonious and happy in our error.

But the commission of the prophet is never the "not just yet!" but always the "Cry aloud and spare not! Now is the acceptable time!" We need to renew our faith in the immediateness of the right, and the centennial study of William Lloyd Garrison is effective in this direction. The story of his life is argument and climax, inspiration and demonstration that in politics and religion, in municipal affairs as well as in church affairs, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, the urgent right and the ideal can be trusted and trusted now, trusted all the time. The failures and the defeats that may come upon these lines are more triumphant than all the triumphs that wait upon the "not just yet" of the timid.

"Football Reform by Abolition" is the title of the leading article in the *Literary Digest* for the last week. The article bristles with terse denunciations and heroic epigrams against the game. It quotes from the *New York Sun,* which calls it a "hospital feeder and a cannibalistic sport." The *Chicago Tribune* says, "It has fallen to the low level of pugilism and the bull fight." Prof. Shailer Matthews of Chicago, calls it a "social obsession." The doctor in charge of the Columbia squad pronounces it "the most brutal exhibition I have ever seen or heard of called a sport." On the other hand the game has its apologists. While Chancellor Day of Syracuse, says, "One human life is too big a price to pay for all the games of the season," we are suprised to find President Eliot of Harvard quoted as saying, "If injuries, even if deaths occur in the game, that is no argument against the game; it is not over these things that I find fault." We are loath to believe that this fairly represents the President of Harvard, but there are others who seem to us to represent the same moral confusion. President Wheeler of California, is made to say, "I never objected to it on the grounds that it was rough." We cannot understand the need of a sport that justifies roughness and even an occasional death. We do understand that the call of duty demands risk of body and sacrifice of life; but not until all the avenues of healthy exercise and legitimate sport are exhausted do we need to hark back to the brutal excitements of the amphitheater, the bull fight and the ring. There is an effective cartoon copied by the *Digest* from the *Brooklyn Eagle,* which shows the admiring spectators with their thumbs turned down—evidence that they desire to see the thing pushed to the finish; an occasional life must not interfere with the fun. A football game that is safe will be the football game that is tame. It will be like trying to reform a toper by substituting soda water for gin. Let us have done with the sport that brutalizes, the taste that encourages fraud and fosters gambling.

William Byron Forbush is a minister presumably in good standing. He writes in the *Biblical World* of the Book of Ecclesiastes as having been written by the only skeptic in the Bible,—maintaining his point by establishing an interesting parallelism between this author and Byron, Heine and Omar Khayyam. This throws a flood of light on the book and it instantly assumes literary attraction and is clothed with an ethical interest; but it must create consternation in the camp of those who are vigilant for the infallibility of the Bible and the integrity of that theory of inspiration that makes it all the revealed word of the living God. It is hard to hold the prophecies of Isaiah and the epigrams of the Book of Ecclesiastes in one theology. The power of these books, according to Dr. Forbush, is found in the fact that they "face the unseen with a cheer." The parallelism between this unknown author and Omar Khayyam is strikingly enforced by this happy transliteration of the Book of Ecclesiastes into the meter of FitzGerald, as the following stanzas will show:

> "Out from the Cavern of a dreamless Deep
> The People huddle like a witless Sheep;
> Like Cloud Heaps past the hoary-headed Hills
> They flit, as Phantoms to the Realms of Sleep.
>
> The pilgrim Sun bends bravely to his quest,
> But, breathless, finds at night the self-same West.
> The River, cradled in the mountains, roars
> Seaward, but sleeps at length upon the Crest.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Like Snowdrops falling in the unmarking Sea,
> Like flowers that bloom to fade where no men be,
> Like sands that gulf an unremembered Shrine,
> So fall, so fade, so fail our Works—and We.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Yet Kings and Subjects do like shadows flit
> Before the awful Throne where He doth sit.
> From Earth's flat sieve we fall like desert sand.
> Who knows if He above regardeth it?
>
> We kneel and fall before His shadow'd sill.
> The very Hinges with our yearnings thrill.
> Our soundest knowledge is, 'We know Him not,'
> Our safest eloquence is, 'Peace! be still.'"

Not Just Yet.

Last Sunday was the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Lloyd Garrison, a fact widely noticed but not so widely observed as the occasion demanded. It is likely that the second centenary will be celebrated with greater éclat than the first. Time and space forbid allusion to his work for liberty and his part in the emancipation of the slave. Suffice it to call attention to one striking characteristic of this great Emancipator, viz., the immediateness of his con-

science. He did not wait for the time to ripen; he did not stop to take counsel of expediency; he believed with Theodore Parker that the world was ready for a new truth the moment it arrived. "I am in earnest. I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard. * * * I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. * * * I shall use great plainness of speech, believing that truth can never conduce to mischief and is best discovered by plain words."

This is the essence of his political philosophy; through this philosophy he triumphed. Creed-makers and law-makers, theologians and politicians, preachers and editors have been busy from his time to this in trying to find some shorter way than the straight line between two ethical points.

Temperance people believe that the saloon is a nuisance and must go, but "not yet"; preachers believe that the scientific view of the Bible must obtain, that reason and not dogma is the adequate foundation of church life, but they say "not yet!" In Chicago, for instance, at the present time thousands of people believe in municipal ownership of street railways and similar public utilities, but they say "not yet! not yet! wait until the city government is purged of its boodlers and the Common Council is released from the trammels of partisan influences and the reign of the boss is broken." In the same breath, when occasion requires, they admit the logic of him who urges that responsibility alone will develop strength and that, as Mr. Howe declares in his notable work on "The City," "only by exiling privileges shall we exile corruption. Only by taxing monopoly will monopoly be forced to let go its hold on the resources of the earth and the means for a livelihood." This fruitless reasoning, like the little dog who chases after his own tail, brings but weariness and exhaustion.

When young Lloyd Garrison edited *The Genius* in Baltimore he denounced the domestic slave trade as being "covered with thick infamy," illustrating his point with particular instances, he was confined in the Baltimore jail for forty-nine days, all because he would not recognize the wisdom of "biding his time" and waiting until the "times were ripe." But those were perhaps the most fruitful days in Garrison's life. History shows that he was making splendid time. During these days he composed his sonnet on "The Freedom of the Mind," which is our frontispiece for this issue. It represents perhaps the high water mark of his literary power as it certainly discloses the methods of the prophet.

A Thanksgiving Message.

The Union Thanksgiving Service to which all churches and societies not otherwise engaged on Thanksgiving morning are cordially invited is an institution of long standing in Chicago, the Jewish, Unitarian, Universalist and Independent societies being generally the only ones accepting. Until a year ago the meeting had for many years been held at the center of the city, usually as the guest of the People's Church, but last year the Union meeting was held at Sinai Temple, and this year it was held at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Rev. Fred V. Hawley preaching the sermon, Rabbis Joseph Stolz and Tobias Schanfarber, Rev. August Dellgren, pastor of the Swedish Unitarian church, and the pastor of the All Souls church, taking part in the services. The collection this year was for the benefit of the Russian-Jewish Relief Fund, and at the close of the sermon the following message was unanimously adopted by a rising vote and forwarded to the President:

November 30, 1905.

To Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States.

Dear Mr. President: We, representatives of the Jewish, Unitarian, Universalist and Independent churches of Chicago, assembled in a Union Thanksgiving service at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, send you greeting, accompanied with our special gratitude for the signal service you rendered humanity in bringing together the belligerent nations of Japan and Russia for amicable consultation which terminated the lamentable struggle and established peace. In this benignant service you have greatly honored our country and have signally advanced the cause of universal peace, which is the cause of humanity.

As a further service to the same cause, may we earnestly petition you in your official capacity to voice the pain and indignation of the American people over the recent atrocities visited upon the Jewish people in Russia, atrocities that are not paralleled in history since the dark days of the Inquisition and are not comparable with those in their barbarity—lacking the sincerity and deliberate conviction that lit up that lurid period in Christian history.

In addition to such an expression of sympathy with the suffering people, we believe that it would be consonant with the wishes of the entire nation for you to recommend to Congress that they give expression to this sympathy in a tangible form by making a generous national contribution to the relief fund and in some other way record our confirmed opposition to any limitations of rights and privileges based on religious and racial distinctions, and our readiness to stand for the rights of all men and all races in all lands and under all conditions.

Wishing for you and yours the happiness fitting the day and occasion, we are,

Most respectfully yours,

The above was accepted by an unanimous standing vote by a widely representative audience.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES,
General Secretary of the Congress of Religion.

In due time the following reply was received:

December 7, 1905.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, General Secretary Congress of Religion, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

Sir: I have to inform you that the President has received your letter of the 30th ultimo, in which you request him, on behalf of the Jewish, Unitarian, Universalist, and Independent churches of Chicago, to assist the Jews in Russia, and charges me to express to you his high appreciation of the greetings of the representatives of said churches communicated to him thereby.

I beg to enclose a copy of correspondence with Mr. Simon Wolf upon this subject, which will show you the difficulties of the present situation. I sincerely wish that this department had the power to relieve the unfortunate people, with whom we sympathize deeply.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed) ELIHU ROOT.

ENCLOSURE 1.

November 3, 1905.

Hon. Elihu Root, Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Secretary: As chairman of "The Board of Delegates on Civil Rights of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations," I am in receipt of numerous telegrams and letters asking me to intercede with our government, on and in behalf of our Jewish co-religionists in Russia. In obedience to their wish, I bring this matter to your attention, being fully cognizant of the fact that our government can in no wise, at this juncture, intervene or even offer its good offices, as the condition in Russia is such that that government seems to be powerless to prevent riots and bloodshed. Yet, if I am mistaken in this supposition, I should be extremely pleased if you can point out any way in which our government can be of service to these unfortunate and persecuted people. The State Depart-

ment has, for many, many years, been active in this direction; therefore I do not hesitate to bring this matter to your immediate attention.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) SIMON WOLF.

ENCLOSURE 2.

Department of State, Washington, D. C.,
November 8, 1905.

Simon Wolf, Esq., 700 Fourteenth Street, Washington, D. C.

Sir: I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 3d instant, by which you advise the department that, as chairman of the Board of Delegates on Civil Rights of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, you are in receipt of many requests to intercede with this government in behalf of the Jews in Russia.

In reply to your request that, although you are cognizant of the fact that the present is not a favorable time for intervention or representations by the United States, the department will, if it can, point out a way by which it can be of service to these unfortunate people, I have to say that I quite concur in your view that at this juncture any action by this government looking to the relief of your co-religionists in Russia would be inopportune and unavailing. With the hoped-for establishment of a more liberal form of government and the restoration of administrative control over the remote scenes of the occurrences which are so greatly to be deplored, this government may look for a practical response to its repeated solicitations of free treatment of American Hebrews and may be in a position to exert efficient good influence toward the liberal treatment of all Jews in Russia, and their better protection from the consequences of deep-lying racial antagonism. The problem is one which strongly attracts the sympathetic attention of this government.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
(Signed) ELIHU ROOT.

Bridges.

A simple structure, rude and unadorned,
But strong, bestrides a sluggish stream,
And makes a highway over boggy plains
That else were wearisome and hazardous.
Afar, ascending upward toward the blue,
A miracle of architectural grace
Bespans a mighty torrent, links the hills,
And gives safe transport to a myriad lives.
Yet who shall judge the twain, or underprize
The one, since both do satisfy a need,
And fill the scope marked out.

So 'tis with deeds of men; they rise aloft,
And dazzle by their comeliness and power,
Or bend them low in some secluded spot,
To shape a roadway for oncoming feet.
Dissimilar are they, and yet the same,
So be that each doth rightly bridge some strait.
Then look ye how ye build.

GAZELLE STEVENS SHARP.

The Eternal Justice.

Thank God that God shall judge my soul, not man!
I marvel when they say,
"Think of that awful Day
No pitying fellow-sinner's eyes shall scan
With tolerance thy soul,
But His who knows the whole,
The God whom all men own is wholly just."
Hold thou that last word dear,
And live untouched by fear.
He knows with what strange fires he mixed this dust.
The heritage of race,
The circumstance and place
Which make us what we are—were from His hand,
That left us faint of voice,
Small margin for a choice.
He gave, I took; shall I not fearless stand?
Heriditary bent
That hedges in intent
He knows be sure, the God who shaped thy brain.
He loves the souls He made;
He knows His own hand laid
On each the mark of some ancestral stain.
Not souls severely white,
But groping for more light,
Are what Eternal Justice here demands.
Fear not: He made thee dust;
Cling to that sweet word—"Just;"
All's well with thee if thou art in just hands.

—*Anne Reeve Aldrich.*

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION.

Have we not all one father? Hath not one God created us? Malachi 2:10.

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, FIELD SECRETARY,
To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

Religion as a Vocation and as an Avocation.

Under the above title a very helpful address was given at the Rochester "Conference of Religion," December 2nd, by Rev. Martin Meyer, a Jewish Rabbi of Albany, N. Y., which we are unable to reprint as it deserves. From the discussion following the paper, we clip a short address by *Rev. Philip S. Moxom, D. D., Pastor Congregational Church of Springfield, Mass.* Mrs. Browning says, somewhere, "Religion is all or nothing." I think the difficulty which some experience with the life of to-day, is largely the result, or rather the necessary accompaniment of the change which is taking place, a change which in its completion will illustrate the truth of Browning's saying. Religion becomes a true vocation, if it becomes the spirit and temper of all vocations. All our trouble arises from the fact that in the past religion has been an annex to life. It has been an annex furnishing us with an equipment to get us out of this life safely into a happier life hereafter. Of course, in the minds of the people generally there has been a great change in that respect; but God, and truth, and love, and faith, and charity, and righteousness, are elements, are meant to be elements, inspirers, motives, of the life of thought and the life of labor every day. I quite agree with Henry Drummond in the large suggestiveness of his paper on "A City without a Church." The Church, like a physician, exists to get rid of itself. It exists to produce that state of mind, that quality of life, in which religion as a vocation distinct from any other vocation will cease to exist, because men will be religious in all their life. And just as the State ideally is all the people exercising the function of government, the Church ideally is all the people exercising the function of worship and praise. We are working towards that. We are a long way from it, but the idea is coming into the minds of the people that it is not going to church, it is not saying prayers, it is not performing rites, that has any great significance in our lives, or any great significance to God or man. Some of us, probably all who are here, engage in religious exercises not because they have merit in themselves, not because these are a duty, but because these help us to perpetuate and develop the religious temper in which we ought to approach all our work and fulfill all our labor. There will gradually be a religious development of the people, because they will seek the encouragement, the help, the stimulus, the inspiration of the distinctly religious vocation. The old distinction between the Church and the world is passing away. It ought to pass away. It is bound to go. It is not in the nature of things that it should remain. By and by men shall go, the cobbler to his bench, the lawyer to his desk, the banker to his office, with the same spirit of love for God and love for man with which he is supposed to go to the communion table. Then religion will be the atmosphere and the life of all vocations, and the distinction of priest and people, of sacred and secular, will have gone as it ought to go, as it is bound to go, in the spiritual development of mankind.

Congress of Religion.

We are gratified with the announcement that the Board of Directors of the Congress of Religion has secured the services of Rev. C. A. Osborne, formerly pastor of the Congregational church at Lake Geneva, Wis., as Field Secretary and that he has already entered upon his duties with headquarters at Lincoln Centre, Chicago. This means that Mr. Jones, who has for years in addition to his many duties, successfully carried forward the movement inaugurated at the World's Parliament of Religions, will be relieved of an increasing burden, while he will remain in close touch with the work and be the better able to serve the cause. Mr. Osborne is especially fitted for the task he has assumed, and we feel sure that at his hands the work of the Congress, with which we are in hearty accord, will be vigorously pushed and its unifying influence much extended. In accepting the position, Mr. Osborne wrote: "I am a Congregationalist in good standing, and I hope a Christian, loyal to my Father, and as such am glad to extend my hand in sincere fellowship to every son of God, Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, churchman or liberalist, if so he will join hands with men that together we may lift our eyes to the Infinite, pray to the one God of all races, and follow the Light that lighteneth every man."

Already the Field Secretary has received invitations for congresses to be held this winter at Grand Rapids, Battle Creek, Lansing, Mich., and other points. What do the readers of the *Unionist* say to another congress in Green Bay? The first Wisconsin Congress was held here in February, 1900. The meeting is still fresh in our memories as a gathering of great interest and inspiration. As not all invitations can be accepted it is necessary that our wishes be made known at an early date.

—From the *Unionist* (Green Bay, Wis.)

CONGRESS RECEIPTS FOR THE TWELFTH YEAR, BEGINNING JUNE 1, 1905.

Rev. W. H. Ramsay, Louisville, Ky		$ 5.00
James Harris, Janesville, Wis		5.00
Mrs. Dennis Murphy, Jeffersonville, Ind		5.00
J. D. Ludden, St. Paul, Minn		5.00
Miss Mary McArthur, Chicago		5.00
Mrs. Phoebe M. Butler, Oak Park, Ill		5.00
N. O. Nelson, Edwardsville, Ill		50.00
Mrs. Phoebe Boalch, Chicago		5.00
Miss Mary E. Hawley, Chicago		5.00
A. Slimmer, Waverly, Iowa		5.00
Alvin Joiner, Polo, Ill		5.00
First Unitarian Society, Greeley, Colo		2.00
Mrs. C. G. Kleinstuck, Kalamazoo, Mich		5.00
Anthony Sawyer, Princeton, Ill		5.00
Rev. W. C. Gannett, Rochester, N. Y		5.00
"A Friend"		5.00
C. H. Williams, Fennimore, Wis		5.00
Unity Chapel, Hillside, Wis		10.00
Mrs. G. Lowry, Hillside, Wis		5.00
Mrs. J. W. Greenleaf, Hillside, Wis		5.00
Nathaniel Schmidt, Ithaca, N. Y		5.00
Miss Mary M. Leppo, Chicago		5.00
N. O. Nelson, Edwardsville, Ill		100.00
Mrs. Julius Rosenwald, Chicago		50.00
Dr. H. W. Thomas, De Funiak Springs, Fla		50.00
Raised by Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane:		
Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Dimoc, Kalamazoo, Mich.	$ 25.00	
People's Church, Kalamazoo	25.00	50.00
Raised by Dr. R. Heber Newton, East Hampton, N. Y.:		
Mrs. Warner M. Leeds, L. I., N. Y	50.00	
Mrs. Lorenzo T. Woodhouse, New York City	50.00	
John T. Archbold, New York City	100.00	
Mrs. S. C. Thompson, New York City	100.00	
		300.00
Mrs. Charles T. Catlin, Brooklyn Heights, N. Y		25.00
		$732.00

A Thanksgiving.

I thank Thee, Lord, for cloudy weather,
We soon would tire of blue;
I thank Thee, Lord, for Pain, our brother,
Whose rude care holds us true.

I thank Thee for the weary morrow
That makes the Past more sweet;
I thank Thee for our sister, Sorrow,
Who leads us to Thy feet.

—*Frederic Lawrence Knowles.*

THE PULPIT.

The Church Actual.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE ILLINOIS UNITARIAN CONFERENCE AT ALTON, OCTOBER 31, 1905, BY GEORGE NATHAN TAYLOR, OF STREATOR.

There being but one layman among the titled gentlemen on this program reminds me of our great and good friend David Harum's saying that "A few fleas on a dog is good for him. It keeps him from brooding over the fact that he is a dog." Behold one of the fleas.

When an outsider attends the Unitarian Church or one of its Conferences, he is impressed with the cold, intellectual superiority of the members. The idea impresses itself on his mind that in their estimation they have found "The Only Way." They felicitate and congratulate themselves on their work and pronounce it good.

I remember the story about the creation, where the All-wise Creator planned the universe. He made the ocean's wide expanse; the fertile plains and flowery dells; the snow-capped mountains; the sun, moon and stars with their glory; all the myriad forms of animal life with strength, gracefulness and beauty. "He looked upon his work and saw that it was good." Then came the triumph of his work, man, and the Creator "Saw everything that he had made and behold it was *very* good."

But with the ocean he had created hidden rocks and angry waves; with the plains and valleys droughts, floods and cyclones; with the sun, moon and stars deadly sunstrokes, storms and meteors; in animal life those that prey one upon another. Man, the chief sufferer from them all, the victim of ceaseless attacks from nature's upheavals, from the beasts of the earth, from disease and death; and last, but not least, from his own kind. "And he saw everything that he had made and behold it was *very* good."

Colonel Ingersoll told a story of an Irishman who took a pig to market. It was weighed and paid for. As Pat counted the money he asked, "How much did the pig weigh?" "Eighty pounds," was the answer. "Only eighty pounds? It don't weigh as much as I thought and I didn't think it would," said Pat. Possibly that might illustrate a point in the creation story and also in the Church Actual.

That the church has done much good and is doing some good cannot be gainsaid. But when you consider the cost (I mean the cost in time, energy, heart and brain) is it an efficient instrument?

Take the nearly two thousand years of Christian teaching and power. Look at the empty pews in orthodox and liberal church alike. Study the annals of crime and poverty—our poor houses, insane asylums and penitentiaries full to overflowing.

Go into our factories and see the child labor; hear the monotonous grind and roar of the machinery; go into the mines where danger lurks on either hand. Everywhere man a machine, man a tool, man a means of production. Nowhere a human being, nowhere a free, upright, loving, intelligent man.

Read the stories of political graft and corruption. Study the chapters of "Frenzied Finance." What mean these defalcations in banks and business houses? Why this robbery in life insurance companies? Why the march of armed men; the great battleships; and war with its tales of horror, its hardships, its cruelties, its harvest of widows and fatherless? All these things tell the story of the greed for gold—a world money mad. What remedy does the church offer? Prayers

and threats, the fear of hell and the curse of Rome alike have failed.

The pulpit is filled with men who stand aloof from the main body of mankind. They overdevelop their intellects and lose all understanding of the needs and desires of their fellows. Small wonder that the sheep stray away from the fold when the shepherd understands not his flock. Will lectures on "The Esoteric Meaning of Browning" or "The Psychology of the Rhizopods" bring in, hold and inspire the common people? No! They need something concrete, something positive, something giving them a true insight into the relations of man to the outer world, of man to man and the proper development of self. Remember that the large majority of mankind is engaged in a struggle for bread, for mere existence. They must be met on that plane and talked to in terms that they can understand. The great hope and the great peril of the future lies in the underfed, poorly clad, uncultured, common people. Here is the work for the church. Not a problem of charity, not a scheme of personal salvation, but to bring into their lives opportunity; the power of appreciation; the love of the good, the true and the beautiful; the ability and desire to be men and women.

They are learning that might makes right in this day and they are fast discovering that they have the might. They will come into their own and possess the world. To the producers will belong the product. They will not be denied much longer. The church must teach them how to use their power and not abuse it as has been done by the ruling class. Great is the task but greater the responsibility. This is no work for shirkers. The call is for men and women with red blood in their veins, love and kindness in their hearts and, above all, poise and judgment.

Our present system of education, of finance, of economics, of government, or religion tends to separate men; tends to create antagonism between man and man, employer and employee, class and class, state and state, nation and nation. It blinds man to the rights of others; it makes him hard, cruel, selfish and unscrupulous. Think how cheaply human life is held. Every day it is being ground out, crushed out. Broken, bruised, bleeding bodies in the factory, on the railroad, on the street, under the automobile give their testimony to deaf ears. Only a fearful disaster, where hundreds of lives are snuffed out in an instant, gains our attention, and then but momentarily. The dying embers of love and sympathy on the altar of the human heart flare up and turn to ashes. The Church Actual adds no fuel to the fire. Its hands are empty, the light is gone.

But it has the building, the money and the people which can be turned into effective organization where again can be kindled and fanned into flame the divine spark of human brotherhood.

Let the church become an educational center, an industrial school, a lecture platform, an interpreter of art, an expounder of life, a help, an inspiration—more than that, a *home*. Take up and use every art, industry or study that will bring men together, that will broaden character, that will promote fellowship and that will create the world spirit.

Outside the scope of the average man lies a wealth of beauty in art, music, literature and nature. To bring these into his life; to make him touch elbows with his fellow man; to cause him to realize that there is more than bread and butter, clothes and shelter; to teach him that the respect he pays to his own family he owes and must pay to others—these are some of the things the Church Actual has not done but must do to prevent wreck and ruin in the coming social upheaval.

From warped and twisted bodies, from unused and undeveloped minds can only come a rule of rapine and revenge.

From upright, clean-limbed men; from trained minds; from well-rounded characters; from sympathetic, warm hearts; from brothers will come mercy, toleration and justice.

Then all hail the church that touches with magic wand the crippled and dwarfed creature of modern civilization and transforms it into an angel of light, culture and opportunity—from slavery and selfishness to fraternity, liberty and equality.

Results of the War Between Russia and Japan.

AN ADDRESS BY PRESIDENT DAVID STARR JORDAN, DELIVERED BEFORE THE UNITARIAN CLUB OF CALIFORNIA.

In this presence, I have come to be admitted as one of the minor prophets. Around this table I have prophesied that we would be some day soul-weary of the glory and the cost of the Philippines, that China would some day find her version of the golden rule,—to do unto others the things you are tired of having them do unto you,—that Russia could never conquer Japan, and now I am asked to say—what next?

I cannot answer this; no white man can. For to do this we must fathom the Oriental mind, the mind that is to determine the Oriental future. The Oriental mind is mostly human—thinks and acts as you do—but it is very, very old, and our race of parvenus on the field of history cannot grasp its sinuosities.

For old Japan new Japan has come to the parting of the ways. One way leads through military glory to empire, to the lime-light glare and national bankruptcy. The other leads through development of resources, economy, patience, and education, to the highest achievements of the highest races. Doubtless the future will lie between the two, for history never throws a clean switch, but no one can yet tell which set of tendencies will have the lead.

The program of the lime-light involved a great indemnity to be used for strengthening of army and navy, for holding Korea of course, and ultimately Manchuria, for subsidies to manufactures and commerce, which will give the appearance of prosperity. "Japan for the Japanese," and maybe China also, and withal an active part in the world politics. Japan has tasted blood, and after this life is never again quite the same.

Peace without subsidy checks this plan. Moneylenders charge a high interest on cash spent for glory. In the future war and peace is a matter of the bankers, a matter of public opinion.

Many Japanese no doubt have dreamed that Japan should lead armies of civilization, while England and America would pay the bills, and the final shower of Russian gold should make every Japanese rich. Japan has her snobs, her fools, her knaves, and her jingoes the same as the most favored nations. But she has also her men of sense and foresight, and these still have the upper hand. Their first task must be to disband their army, as we disbanded ours in '65. No longer needed as soldiers, let them be citizens again. She has shown the perfection of military science in forming this army; an equal effort in a greater science is needed to dissolve this splendid creation.

Once at peace, the army disbanded, the Japanese have several things to learn. As an avowed admirer

of Japan, you may pardon me for exposing some of her elements of weakness. They must master the art of trade. This does not come natural to them, and for two main reasons: In the first place, deferred payment, or credit, is a feature alien to the life of old Japan. If a man owes anything, let his neighbors pay it and let the amount be decided on the basis of old customs or forgotten equities. Second, in old Japan every effort was made to discourage trade; barriers were raised—often physical walls of sand and stones—around each county, and a greater wall, tariff on tariff, about the island empire as a whole. The samurai, the feudal retainers who through the ages have given Japanese life its color and tone, had no money,—could neither buy nor sell, and by law the merchant caste still stands lowest of all,—below the artisan, the farmer, the coolie even, only the outcast being still lower. So trade, as we know it, must be understood and its rules must be practiced before Japan can lead in commerce. The power of voluntary co-operation to do things in a large way the Japanese have yet to acquire. The profits of her busy commerce exceed but little the subsidies the ships receive.

The Japanese must learn the art of law-making and law-abiding. Statutes are of little force in Japan,—the law that men obey is the law of old tradition. New statutes, as, for example, the protection of birds or fishes, are secured with difficulty—usually ignored when secured. The law which counts is the custom of three thousand years, and this the men of Japan respect, be it good or bad.

Japan has yet to learn the art of manufacture, to do things in the large, and do them right. Art in Japan is a matter of exquisite development. Nothing can be more refined, more dainty, than Japanese things of beauty. And many things not beautiful are needed in Japan and are made there; but not as the Europeans make them. Japanese artisanship is clumsy and crude. It is counted that in factories one American workman is worth four Japanese. So that, in the large, common Japanese labor is not cheap labor, except in the crude purposes for which coolie labor can be used. Cheap labor is never cheap. That is cheapest in which the individual man counts most. It is true that Japan has great manufacturing cities. Osaka is as large as Manchester or Pittsburg, and her smoke hangs as black over the green fields. But it will be many years before she can be a rival to these cities in commercial output. When she is, then wages will have risen, and with it the whole standard of living.

Japan has yet to learn agriculture. The tourist in Japan goes from Tokyo to Kyoto, then to Kobe or Nagasaki. He knows the Japan of the swarming villages, the dainty squares and strips of rice fields, green tea gardens, entrancing flower gardens, the hand-painted landscape. He sees, or thinks he sees, that Japan is crowded, vastly overcrowded, every foot of land worked to the utmost, no room for expansion or extension of any form of agriculture. But this is an optical illusion. In fact, barely half the arable land of Japan is cultivated, and that not the best half. Great tracts in the north, fit for wheat, rye, oats, barley, potatoes, Indian corn, or hay, are almost wholly unused—moors of the red sedges, covered with red swamp grasses, logs, and weeds. Japan has no wagon-roads and inadequate railroads, no horses, no cows, no sheep, no goats, no hogs, no butter, no cheese, no orchards, no vineyards, no fruit, no turnips, cabbages, carrots, pumpkins, squashes—scarcely anything to show in agriculture save rice, tea, lacquer, and silk; nothing in domestic animals save a few bodiless chickens, half-starved dogs, and measly cats. Everything in agriculture is in the style of two thousand years ago, unspecialized—nothing worked to the fullest modern economic advantage. The Japanese people are very poor; the average earning is less than a dollar a week—some estimate a dollar a month; their holdings per capita less than a hundred dollars. Of course these matters are changing from day to day, and a sweeping statement is no longer true. There is now and then a horse, a cow, an apple-tree, a field of varied grains. The agricultural stations of the government are doing their best to accustom Japan to the successful methods of other countries. But the population of Japan could be doubled without crowding if every resource were developed. It is said that all Japan could be fed with the waste of America. Another Japan could be fed with the waste of Japan, not the waste of lavish carelessness, but that of limited and antiquated methods. The vast fisheries of the north, more than doubled by the acquisition of Saghalin, have yet to be worked in a commercial way, while the equally valuable fisheries of the south are almost ruined for lack of protection.

Japan must learn the art of education—to educate men as men, not as part of a group or a caste. It must substitute real democracy for what is left of feudal communism. It must break down caste, and it must make the best of whatever of varied talent may arise among her people. The strong men born in the nobility can never make a great nation. It takes all the strength there is. As things are, the trade is greater than the man, and this destroys adaptability to new conditions. The student is all student—he can do nothing but study; the warrior is all warrior—he knows nothing but fighting; the jinrikisha man is all legs; the farmer is all farmer. His clothing was fashioned for him two thousand years before he was born, and he can never change it. He is chained to his caste and cannot get out of it, whatever his fitness for other

The relation of the man to the state, most effective in the late war, must never be so effective again. The man is more than the state, as he is more than the Sabbath. In a more advanced civilization than that of Japan, the state is a creation of the man. It exists for his convenience, for his development, and has no other divine right or consequence.

The present war cannot fail to hasten the day of individualism in Japan. For better or for worse, social conditions will align themselves to those of the rest of the world. This will change the status of women. In old Japan the woman is the most perfect type of self-abnegation. The most beautiful self-renunciation is the ideal womanhood. But with advancing civilization woman becomes more human, less an angel, less a slave. In Europe a test of democracy is seen in the number of women riding on the trains. In a few years the number has relatively doubled. So has the number of women in the universities. So will it be in Japan, and with the individualism of woman will rise a higher morality, less ideal, more real. In these changes there will be shocks of opinion; there will be labor troubles; there will be riots and breaches in the fine art of Japanese politeness. Japan in convulsion will be less agreeable than Japan in the calm of her ancient glories.

The idealism of patriotism, the spirit of Bushido, the fine art of the "warrior's way," then, may endure in Japan. Science will flourish there. It finds no rank growth of superstition to bar its way. It finds no dead weight of inertia, for Japan is a land of movement. It will be potent not alone in war and medicine, but will be taken seriously in all its ramifications. It will cost more to live in Japan than it does

now, for men will be worth more. The birth-rate will be lowered and the death-rate as well. The rich will grow richer and the poor poorer, as in other civilized lands, for the feudal socialism which prevents men from rising also keeps men from falling. Men becoming more important will demand more for themselves and ask more of others. Individual Japanese will come to the front in the work of the world, and this is my final prophecy, that on the whole the new Japan will be greater than the old. She will do her part in civilization, without losing her old beauty or the fragrance of her old ideals.

We heard much not long since of the "yellow peril," of the 400,000,000 Chinamen who, under the lead of 40,000,000 Japanese, would trample down and devour our Western civilization. This talk of yellow peril is crude nonsense. Unless we of the West lend Asia the money, she will never send an army against Europe. Asia is poor and Europe is rich, and war burns out wealth as it burns out vitality. But a yellow awakening is sure to come. Not a yellow peril, but a yellow enlightenment. The dawn will come to China as it has already come to Japan. More slowly the sun rises over Chinese lethargy, but in much the same way. In Boxer times Japanese gentlemen have said to me: "We know how those people feel toward foreigners. We used to feel just that way ourselves." Later the Chinese will know the feelings of the men who endowed the great Imperial University of Tokyo, an institution consecrated not to the best of Japan, but to the best of the world. The awakening of China will come through Japan. Already five thousand Chinese students are in the Imperial University and the other colleges of Tokyo. Already hundreds of Japanese teachers are in the schools of China. Japanese influence is everywhere in China. It is not always friendly to us or our interests, but we cannot blame it for that. Agitation for exclusion is a game that more than one nation can play at. But, on the whole, the influence works for our good as well as for that of China. It means the economic and social redemption of China. Those without money and with nothing to sell cannot buy. Give the Chinaman the chance at home that he makes for himself elsewhere. Then the star of the jelly-fish nation mid others will shine as fair. China will be no longer a watermelon to be cut up by robbers, but a nation to be respected. Then we shall realize the dream of Chinese trade. There is no trade with a pauper state. It is said that our much discussed commerce through the open door of Mukden is less than the trade in eggs and chickens between Detroit and Windsor in Canada. To us the Pacific, in the trade center of the world, China will be our best customer and Japan our most helpful mediator.

Once in Sendai, Japan, I was asked to give a talk before the common council of the city on "How to Make Sendai a Better City." A venerable old man, now mayor of Sendai, acted as spokesman for the Japanese. He said to me: "Japan is like a country boy newly come to the city. He finds a brother there who had been long in the city and knew the ways and could help him that he should make no mistakes. This kind and helpful brother is America, and Japan is stepping slowly into the complexity of modern civilization leaning on America's helping hand."

Another metaphor is of Chinese origin. China is the giant who crosses the river, Japan the dwarf upon his back. But the dwarf can see farther than the giant, and deeper into the water. So as they move along, to the giant he points out the shallows and the depths in the stream. Some day the stream will be crossed, the helping hand no longer needed, and the two shores of the Pacific will be inhabited by great friendly nations, whose mutual respect will be good for both and whose mutual trade will be a source of mutual enrichment, and the intermingling of whose peoples will be a perennial source of embarrassment to the rulers of both.—*David Starr Jordan.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

Summary of the Book Symposium.

For convenience of reference and as evidence of the wide range of reading pursued by pulpit occupants in these days, we print below a compilation of the symposium published in our last week Book Number. From the thirty-eight answers received in time for publication we give below fifty-one titles.

BOOKS MENTIONED IN THE SYMPOSIUM.

Title.	Author.
Agnosticism and Theism	Richard A. Armstrong.
The New Testament in the Christian Church	E. C. Moore.
The Life of Reason	George Santayana.
The Evolution of a Great Literature (3)	Newton Mann.
Renaissance in Italy	John Addington Symonds.
Working with the Hands	Booker T. Washington.
Japan—An Interpretation	Lafcadio Hearn.
The Evangelistic Note	W. J. Damson.
Autobiography (2)	Andrew D. White.
The Spiritual Life	George A. Coe.
Religion of a Mature Mind	George A. Coe.
The Marriage of William Ashe	Mrs. Humphry Ward.
House of Mirth (3)	Edith Wharton.
Autobiography	Moncure D. Conway.
Adolescence (2)	Stanley Hall.
Education in Religion and Morals	George A. Coe.
The New Knowledge	R. K. Duncan.
The Country Home	E. P. Powell.
Rational Living (3)	Henry Churchill King, D. D.
Americus	Hugo Munsterborg.
Julian the Apostate	Gaetano Negri.
The Messianic Hope in the New Testament	Shailer Matthews.
The Art of Creation	Edward Carpenter.
The Creed of Christ	Anonymous.
Religions of Authority	Sabatier.
Mankind in the Making	H. G. Wells.
Expansion of Christianity	Harnack.
Poverty	Robert Hunter.
Life of Dr. Tuttle	Frederick Howe.
The City	Marion Shutler.
Free Thinking and Plain Speaking	Leslie Stephens.
The Religion of Duty	Felix Adler.
The Approach to Philosophy	Ralph Barton Berry.
Die Entstehung des Christentums	Dr. Otto Pfleiderer.
The Finite and Infinite	Thomas Curran Ryan.
The Bismarck of Japan	E. Warren Clark.
The Endless Life	Samuel Crothers.
The Immanence of God	Borden P. Bowne.
Study of Revivals	Davenport.
The United States	Chancellor & Hewes.
The American Nation	Ed. A. B. Hart.
A Self-Supporting Home	Kate V. Saint Maur.
The Upton Letters	
Sargent's Manual of the Trees of North America	
Ten Acres Enough	
American Diplomacy	Professor Moore.
The Changing Order	O. L. Triggs.
M. D. Conway's Autobography	Gaetano Negri.
The Renaissance in Italy	Symonds.
Katy Awa, the Bismarck of Japan	Warren Clark.
The Use of Scripture in Theology	Prof. W. N. Clarke.
Beginnings of Christianity	Wernle.

Notes.

From Frederick A. Stokes Company I have received "The Black Spaniel," by Robert Hichens. I supposed it to be a dog story; it is a piece of psychological anatomy. It belongs in a madhouse. I should say that much reading of this sort of stuff would unbalance a rather unsettled mind and lead the reader to the madhouse. Unfortunately a great deal of psychology is of this sort, dealing with morbidity, if not quite insanity. It is unwholesome, and to me very distasteful.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons I have another volume of "Heroes of the Reformation." This is a beautiful book in the makeup and I value specially the illustrations. It is "The History of Balthasar Hubmaier." The volume is particularly interesting, because it recounts the story of the leader of the Anabaptists. The author is Rev. Dr. Henry C. Vedder, of Croser Theological Seminary. He justly says that these Anabaptists were the most universally troublesome of all the reformers—simply because they were consistent and logical. They were about as much trouble to the orthodox and evangelical reformers as they were to the Romanists. There are just such reformers nowadays—a little too logical and thoroughgoing to suit the "Conferences." It is one thing to drive a stake, just one mile in the woods, and tell those in the enclosures that they may go ahead just to that stake, but be damned if they go farther; and it is another thing to tell them to use the light of reason and investigate for themselves.

From Charles Scribner's Sons I have "The Mayor of Troy," by A. T. Quiller-Couch. Of course, this is a powerful piece of work, and if anybody fancies the style of stuff and the handling of it they are welcome to it.

From Macmillan I get "New Creations in Plant Life," which professes to be an authoritative account of the work of Luther Burbank. I recommend the book in the strongest terms, simply because it will do a lot of good. It lets out a great many secrets that must be understood by any one who undertakes to deal with Nature. It will brush away a great lot of false notions. However, wherever the book is of chief value it is practically the work of Mr. Burbank himself. Its chief value is in illuminating a new age.

From the same house, Macmillan Company, I have "The Fool Errant," by Maurice Hewlett. This author is one of the half dozen great novelists whose work no one can afford to overlook. I have not read this volume carefully, but I am not afraid to recommend anything done by the author of "The Forest Lovers." No one detests morbid or sensual writing more than myself, and I have heard some people pronounce "The Forest Lovers" "nasty." It is unfortunate that education so unfits some people for comprehending the truly beautiful that they cannot comprehend anything that God has made until they put on it shirt and breeches.

From Harper Bros. I have the initial volume of "The New American History," edited by Prof. A. B. Hart. I cannot review this book as it should be reviewed, owing to lack of space. I assure you that we have a superb piece of work growing up, for students, and for general readers. Under Mr. Hart's editorial hand are working some of the best furnished historians in the world. They will give us an American history worth the while.

From the Nunc Licet Press, of Philadelphia, I have a volume by Dr. Fercken, entitled "The Divine Philosophy." The book is so full of good things that I wish you might have it—provided you have common sense. It is not necessary to accept the author's Swedenborgianism.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons comes "The United States: A History of Three Centuries," by William Estabrook Chancellor and William Willis Hewes, in ten parts. As a philosophical production, brought right home to popular apprehension, this work is a marvel in every way. I would not be without it if I could have no other history of my country. Each volume brings together the results of recent investigation. The work is a thorough study.

From Harper Bros. I have "The Debtor," a novel, by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. I think this book will not satisfy the admirers of this author. Her short stories carried us all captive. This book has a certain labored element in its authorship. It seems to lack the easy inspiration of Miss Wilkins.

"The Speculations of John Steele," by Robert Barr, comes from the Frederick A. Stokes Company, of New York. This novel pleases me immensely. It has a deal of dash, but it handles mammon sincerely. As a love story it is a decided success. It is one of the novels you can afford to buy.

From Charles Scribner's Sons I have "The Deep Sea's Toll." This is one of Mr. Connolly's best books. There are eight capital sea stories included. I am inclined to think that you will search long and search in vain, in recent literature, to find two stories for pathos and beauty equal to "Dory-Mates" and "Patsie Oddies' Black Night." Dickens did not surpass them. Here you have the sea brought to you as familiarly as you are accustomed to see and to experience the land.

"Ten Acres Enough" comes from the Consolidated Retail Booksellers of New York. This book was published several years ago and did a grand work in the way of initiating modern scientific farming. We have probably thousands of families now making a living from a few acres of soil who owe their country homelife to the author of this book. Intensive farming is rapidly displacing extensive. There is an admirable introduction by Professor Roberts, of Cornell University. The author was not known until recently, but we have now found out that the book was the production of E. Morris, Burlington, N. J. Get it.

"Red Fox" is the last volume of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, published by L. C. Page & Co., of Boston. It is full of that singing and joyous sympathy with Nature which belongs to Mr. Roberts above all our American writers. If I were to say that it is not equal to "The Heart of the Ancient Wood," I should simply say that the story is not quite equal to perfection. I will say that it is nearly as good, and is one of the most wonderful books of the holidays. Whenever the author talks of animals he gives us natural history, and his imagination, marvelous as it is, never leads us astray from a careful study of things as they are.

E. P. Powell.

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The simple life is that which is directed toward the attainment of things that are essential.

MON.—There is nothing that we enjoy so much as to pass an hour in touch with a group of people, among whom, like an electric fluid, good-will circulates.

TUES.—The habit of energy, of application, of concentration, of work, to use a military phrase, the habit of mobilizing one's forces at short notice—these habits are essential, if one is to solve the problems of his life, whatever they may be.

WED.—In our reading it would be an excellent thing if we could establish the rule of neglecting the unimportant, the superfluous, and devoting our time and attention to the really important.

THURS.—Seek not only the things which are important, as against those which are merely accessory, but seek the things which are important *for you.*

FRI.—Justice, too, the fulfilment of one's obligations, is a part of simplicity.

SAT.—The moral, saving principle is to treat others in such a way as to promote our good by promoting theirs, not only by not taking material advantage, but by not domineering, and thus suppressing their individuality; by showing respect for the people with whom we are in immediate touch —*showing respect,* that is the whole solution.

—*From Concerning the Simple Life, by Felix Adler.*

Boys Song.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river, and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know: I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

—*James Hogg.*

Books for the Young.

Four more of the Life Stories for Young People translated from the German by George P. Upton have appeared this year and deserve the same welcome that met their predecessors.

These little books are short biographies of The Little Dauphin, Frederick the Great, Maria Theresa and John Sebastian Bach.

They are translated from the German of Franz Hoffman, Ferdinand Schrader, Von Horn and Ziemssen. The story of the Little Dauphin is too full of horror, cruelty and suffering for most children, but it is also a story of great heroism and individuality of character, as shown by this short quotation:

"Gomin said suddenly: That wicked Careaux you have seen here so often, as deputy, has been arrested and is now in prison himself."

The Prince started.

"Careaux?" he repeated. "He did not treat me well. But I am sorry. Is he here?"

"No, in La Force, in the Quartier St. Antoine." An ordinary nature would have harbered some feeling of revenge, but this royal child had the greatness of soul to pity his persecutor.

"I am very sorry for him; he is more unhappy than me, for he deserves his misfortunes!"

Words so simple and yet so noble, on the lips of a child scarcely ten years old, may be wondered at; nevertheless, they were actually spoken by the Dauphin, and the words themselves did not impress Gomin so much as the sincere and touching tone in which they were spoken.

Arts and Crafts of Old Japan, by Stewart Dick.

In view of the growing interest in things Japanese this little book is timely and helps to a better appreciation of their art.

It seems to take a special education to be able to see beauty in many of the Japanese pictures or statues, and this book will certainly help to give that special education. The illustrations are very attractive.

E. T. K.

A Lesson Song.

Oranges and apples,
And baby's ball, are round;
And my pretty picture-book,
That is square, I've found;
And an egg is oval,
And the corners all,
When you take them by themselves,
Triangles they call.

I am perpendicular
When I stand up straight,
I am horizontal
When in bed I wait;
And from sitting quite erect,
If I chance to swerve,
Then my rounded shoulders make
What is called a curve.

See! a sheet of paper
I roll together neat,
Straight and smooth, and then I have
A cylinder complete;
But if thus I widen out
Either end alone,
Look! it makes a different thing—
That is called a cone.

Points there are, a many,
On my pencil one,
Two on mother's scissors,
Five a star has on;
And our doggie has one
Right upon his nose,
And my dancing master says,
"Children, point your toes!"

Oh! the world of wonders
Is so very full,
How can little children learn
Half enough in school?
I must look about me
Everywhere I go
Keep my eyes awake and wise,
There's such a lot to know.

—*Laura E. Richards.*

In the Repair Department.

"Half-soled and heeled, please."

The old cobbler rose.

"Just wait," he said, "till I put down my lapstone."

"What is a lapstone?" the young girl asked.

"It is a stone," he answered, "that a cobbler uses to cobble shoes with."

"Why doesn't he use a cobblestone?"—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

A Pigskin Requim.

(With the conclusion of to-day's big games, the 1905 football season officially closed.—*News Item.*

Pick them up carefully,
  Fingers and toes,
Rake them in prayerfully,
  Thighbone and nose;
Fragment and merriment!
  Pastime serene!
Football's sad cerement
  Flaps o'er the scene!
Glad was each day
  When, with glee homicidal,
Onward in play
  Swept the human wave tidal;
While legs, heads and arms
  In one whirling, blurred image
Resolved in the charms
  Of the jovial scrimmage.
Now, though that's done with,
  A FEW joys remain
For folks who'd have fun with
  Swift slaughter and pain;
For trolley and auto
  And cable still cheer
Such souls with sweet thought o'
  The games of next year.

—*New York World.*

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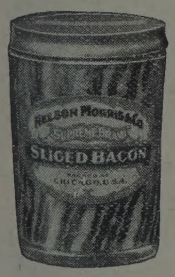

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